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A. M. D. G.

THE USHER'S HORSE;

OR,

INJUSTICE REWARDED.

(From the French.)

CHAPTER I.

John D'Oostcamp lived near Bruges, at a manor-house or hall, which is now pulled down, and its site in latter days, became part of the enlarged city.

It was in the year 1114, under the government of Baudouin-à-la-Hache, a valiant prince and most just judge. Notwithstanding his having promulgated many severe laws against the evil practices of his barons, in which every least offence met with *pœna talionis*, that is, *head for head, and member for member*, as Oudegherst observes, there still remained many lords, who made themselves petty tyrants within their own domains. When Baudouin did discover these, he redressed the grievance, but he was far from knowing all.

Lord John D'Oostcamp grievously oppressed his vassals. He felt assured of support from his brother, who was a chevalier of the county. He was avaricious, and so cruel, that no one dared make any complaint against him. He purchased from an inferior merchant of Bruges, many yards of linen and woolen cloth for the use of his house. The half of the merchant's property was thus in the hands of the baron, and the good man could not obtain payment for it. His affairs became, in consequence, seriously embarrassed. This state of things lasted upwards of ten years, when, in 1114, the merchant died. To pay his debts to the weavers of the city, the widow was obliged to sell all his merchandize. She remained pennyless with two infant children. Having nothing else to support her than the money owing by John D'Oostcamp, she ventured to go three times to the lord's house, but three times was she banished from the gates of his manor unregarded.

Had she been alone in the world, the poor woman might have surrendered all claim to the debt; she would have put herself to work with some weaver, and have been content with the bread gained by the sweat of her brow. But how could she nourish her children? A mother's love made her brave the terror which the baron inspired. The Count of Flanders, Baudouin-à-la-Hache, being at this time in Bruges, she waited his arrival at the gate of St. Donatus, where he went to hear Mass. She cast herself on her knees, and exposed to him her misery. Baudouin, on hearing her recital, placed his hand, as it were, mechanically, upon his terrible battle-axe; but reflecting that it was not so serious a crime, he contented himself with saying kindly to the widow,

"Send, this very day, one of the sergeants of justice in Bruges, to the hall of John D'Oostcamp. Come to-morrow, and tell me what answer he gives."

The good woman went away. But of all the sergeants or ushers established at Bruges by the justice of the Count, none would venture to the hall of John D'Oostcamp. The widow, accordingly, returned to the porch of St. Donatus. She related to Baudouin what had passed.

"Thus," said the Count, "they fear a man who himself fears not my laws. I will send Ulryck, one of my own sergeants, and we shall see what the felon will answer. Explain your matter to him, poor woman."

The noble Count spoke a few words to a young man of his suite, and then entered the church.

The youth approached the widow. He was a Fleming, calm and kindly in his seeming, below the middle size, with a countenance pale but animated, the feature of which, full of benevolence, were ennobled by a lively and religious eye. Under the title of sergeant, he was charged with the strict orders of the Count, like those whom we also styled beadles; they are equivalent to the *ushers* of the present day. His profession little suited his disposition, but he was obliged to remain in it.

"This man then, refuses to pay you!" said he to the woman with tenderness.

"Yes, Sir; and none of the officers of Bruges will carry this summons to him."

"I will go," said Ulryck.

The woman, recollecting herself, cast her eyes on him, and felt concerned for his safety.

"Though you are so good, yet, weak as you are, do you not fear my lord John? He is a terrible man."

"Oh, I can have nothing to fear; I carry the lion-rod. The axe of the powerful Count is embroidered on my sleeve, and he must pay respect to me as an officer of his sovereign. Return to your home, good woman. After the holy Mass, I will bear your message of justice, and in three hours, at latest, you shall have an answer."

Ulryck entered the church, the widow withdrew.

CHAPTER II.

Ulryck hastened back to the palace of the Counts of Flanders. He went straight to the stables, saddled and bridled his "little horse," took his ebon rod, on the top of which was fixed a silver lion, and put himself *en route* for the castle of John D'Oostcamp.

Horses of a good breed have ordinarily a certain quality, which we have been pleased to call instinct, and which sometimes supplies for the deficiency of our own intelligence. A horse will stop at the entrance of a wood infested by wolves, nor will anything prevail upon it to enter a forest in which it fears the presence of a tiger. Minn (such was the name of Ulryck's horse) possessed, in a particular degree, the quality of which we speak. The poor animal seemed to foresee any danger, if not for himself, at least for his master. Never could the usher induce it to enter a battle; it was a "little horse," which loved not danger, but which loved its master with the most lively affection. Ulryck returned its tenderness; night and morning he attended to it himself—he replenished its rack—prepared its bedding, and brushed it down with his own hands. The animal, grown familiar with him, would recognize him in the distance, greet him with its neighings, and at his departure it would throw back his ears in sadness. If the usher was absent, and a stranger came to his stall with hay or provender, the horse seemed afflicted, and would not eat. No one but its master was ever allowed to mount it.

Minn sometimes displayed inclinations which could never be accounted for. Thus, he would choose one way in preference to another, and often he took the sergeant a round of a league. Ulryck, who could never overcome the obstinacy of his horse in this particular, concluded by letting him go free. "Minn knows what he is doing," said he; "if he leads me to the right—although it may be further, and increase his labour—it is always because he anticipates some danger by the road to the left."

Nevertheless, when duty required it, Ulryck had a means of overcoming the resolution of Minn; he dismounted, left his horse, and walked on foot. The poor animal never failed to follow his master like a dog. If any obstacle which it could not pass separated it from Ulryck, it would afterwards follow him and find him out, even in a crowd. Whenever Ulryck made a journey with his horse, and in his absence the stable door should be opened, Minn would take the proper direction, and follow the footsteps of the usher, even half a league from Bruges, and Ulryck's duties seldom called him further.

Every body in the city knew the "little horse;" every one might approach it, but it would never permit any one to lead it away, or mount it.

These details are not the less true, because they are singular. We will add a remark which the sergeant was wont to make, that every time the faithful Minn had refused to proceed, and he had compelled it, he had met with some accident. On one occasion, in a fight with a rebellious baron, Ulryck advanced on foot (for his horse had made a stand), and he received a deep wound. We might, also, cite numerous other examples.

In the affair now before us, Minn showed himself more restive than ever. In the streets of Bruges he was moving backwards and forwards, and prancing from left to right; when he came to the road leading from the city to the castle of John D'Oostcamp, the "little horse" halted so decidedly as not to move a single step farther, so that Ulryck grew quite out of patience. He spoke to it in a threatening tone—the steed drooped its head: he struck it with his rod—then he felt sorry for having hurt it: Minn drooped its head still lower, but it advanced not a pace.

"Minn," said he at last, speaking to the beast, as if it could understand him, "we are going by order of my lord, the Count of Flanders; and we are carrying the black rod with its silver lion. They will respect us."

Minn, by way of answer, turned himself towards the city he was required to leave.

"All this is merely because you are afraid of yourself. What you are doing, Minn, shows great weakness; we are under the protection of Baudouin-à-la-Hache."

As he spoke these words, Ulryck leaped upon the ground, and "Go back," said he, "my poor Minn, if you are afraid; as to myself, I must do my duty;" and he walked on.

Minn followed him with sorrowful look, and head hung down upon the ground.

CHAPTER III.

On arriving at the gate of the hall, he found the portcullis dropped. He sounded a horn which hung there from a post.

"Who are you?" said a man-at-arms, making his appearance.

"An officer of my lord Baudouin-à-la-Hache, the redoubted Earl of Flanders."

The portcullis was instantly raised, and Ulryck entered, followed by Minn. As he passed into a narrow court, surrounded by high walls, he almost fancied himself in some prison or dungeon. The man-at-arms, who had opened the gates, conducted him into a large hall, where was John D'Oostcamp. It

was a place some forty feet by twenty-five, which had nothing for a ceiling but the bare roof, composed of great tiles fixed on heavy wood-work. A massive table occupied the centre. All round were fir benches. The walls (the bricks of which were unplastered) were covered with arms and wolves' skins. The armour of a knight—all steel—was arranged at one end upon a wooden figure. At the opposite extremity of the room, before a large chimney, beneath which a log of wood was blazing, sat the Lord John D'Oostcamp, upon a wooden stool painted black. Three servitors stood round. His cap was of hare-skin; and he wore a kind of mantle made of red wool, gathered in at the waist by a black girdle, from which hung on the right a dagger in its sheath, and on the left an axe, short but heavy. A pot of beer and a slice of buttered bread lay before him on a block of wood, which served for a portable table. The floor of the room, not being paved, was strewn with fresh straw. Under the table sat two large dogs, which growled at the approach of Ulryck, but silenced at the order of their master.

The description which we have given, may afford some idea of a baronial castle at the commencement of the twelfth century. The luxury introduced by the crusades had scarcely shown itself as yet, even in the more privileged houses.

Immediately the usher made his appearance, John D'Oostcamp, without speaking a word, presented him the pot of beer with a slice of bread.

"I can accept nothing, my lord," said Ulryck, "before my commission has been attended to."

"You come on the part of Count Baudouin-à-la-Hache; what are your demands?"

"I stand here as a public officer of justice from my lord. For your debt to a certain merchant of Bruges, none of the city sergeants having dared to approach your presence, the most redoubted Earl of Flanders, my master, has deputed the widow of the said merchant to me."

"These matters belong not to the count."

"All justice belongs to him, my lord," replied the usher, "and by the lion-rod, in the name of God and justice, I now summon you to pay into my hands the amount owing; else, to follow me to the judge of the city, to be there condemned for the said sum, and to remain in prison until the whole be paid. For such is the law".....

Ulryck had not time to continue his sentence. The baron's features had alternately darkened and purpled from the first words of the summons. He rose from his seat with indignation, and muttering, "Miserable serf! I in prison!" he fell upon the usher, pushed him violently from the hall, reclosed the door, and went back to his former position, mad with rage.

Ulryck, knowing that he was fulfilling a difficult task, bore with this bad treatment, and not wishing to return to the city without entirely accomplishing his charge, placed his rod in a bag attached to Minn's saddle, took thence a pen, ink, and a scroll of parchment. He then wrote his summons.

Before nailing the schedule to the door of D'Oostcamp's apartment, in a voice trembling a little, yet solemn withal, he read it aloud, "calling, in the name of the right redoubted Count of Flanders, upon all the vassals and servants of the castle to lend assistance to justice, to apprehend the person of the said baron, and to conduct him to prison, under pain of being treated as felons and rebels."

The moment he had performed this daring act, John D'Oostcamp, out of himself, rushed to the spot with his axe in his hand, and seeing the usher preparing to nail his scroll to the door, he struck him on the head. Ulryck staggered; he had just strength enough to reach his steed, and put the summons, all besmeared with blood, into the pocket: and after that effort, he fell down and died. Seeing the count's officer fall, John's wrath was cooled. He ordered his servants to lower the portcullis, and conduct Minn to his stables. But the animal, knowing what had passed, made a spring, and passed the gates before the portcullis could fall.

All was barred; and that no traces of what had happened might be seen, the attendants of the baron dug a hole with all haste, and there buried the unfortunate usher.

CHAPTER IV.

Minn soon arrived at Bruges. He stopped at the palace gates. Baudouin was at dinner, with several of his knights. His servants entered, and said that Ulryck's horse had arrived without its rider, and that in the bag were found the ebon rod and a bloody parchment. The count, disturbed at the intelligence, took the schedule, and hoping to find Ulryck merely wounded, he mounted his charger, in company with his lords, and hastily took the road leading to John D'Oostcamp's castle. Minn not having been attended to, followed the party unobserved, so deeply was Baudouin engaged with the thought of his usher.

Two hours had not elapsed from the perpetration of the murder, when the Count of Flanders made his appearance at the castle gates. They raised the portcullis, but all traces of the crime had disappeared.

John himself having foreseen this visit, was prepared for it. His features were calm and serene.

"I come," said Baudouin severely, "to demand at your hands Ulryck, my sergeant of justice."

"No one has come here, my lord," said the baron, without hesitation; "your knights can search my hall."

"What!" exclaimed the count, "has not Ulryck been here to give you this scroll, disloyal baron, and to summon you to restore the widow's property?"

John took the parchment coolly, and seeing it stained with blood,

"This has indeed been intended for me," he said with calmness;" but you remark it is bloody. Pro-

bably, poor Ulryck has been assassinated by the way."

"And who would dare that except you? He carried the lion-rod—he was under my protection. Knights, go search the castle; make enquiries of the servants and others about."

Whilst the count's suite were executing these orders, John D'Oostcamp remained with his sovereign, continuing to exculpate himself, protesting that it was his intention to pay the widow, and speaking with such assurance that Baudouin was beginning to believe him innocent. This supposition was further confirmed when the knights returned without having made any discovery.

Baudouin, vexed at not having found any traces of the crime, was going to return, when he cast a last scrutinizing look upon John D'Oostcamp. He notices that the latter changes colour, and that a deadly paleness spreads over his features. He appears unable to draw off his eyes from the furthest corner of the court-yard. Baudouin directs his eyes also to the spot. He sees Minn (who he supposed had remained at Bruges) engaged in pawing with his forefeet the earth, which seemed to have been lately removed. He approaches, and sees large tears falling from the horse's eyes. He gives orders for the earth to be dug up, and the corpse of Ulryck is discovered, weltering in blood.

John D'Oostcamp, finding himself betrayed, endeavoured to fly, but the count's knights seized him. He fell on his knees, and prayed for mercy; but the justice of Baudouin-à-la-Hache was inexorable. He ordered the baron to be led out of the castle, and there, upon the public road, he condemned him to death. Then, taking hold of the "little horse's" bridle, he said,

"Console thyself, my poor Minn, thou shalt avenge thy master."

Two knights, aware of the count's will, took from the baron his axe and poniard. Two others bound his feet and hands; after which they fastened him by the feet to the horse's tail. The little animal began to kick for the first time in his life, and rushing off, dragged his victim through briars and thorns, tore him into a thousand pieces. Towards evening he made his appearance in the city streets, but of the murderer of his master remained only a few hideous fragments.

The baron's castle was demolished by order of the count; the widow's debt was paid; and a mass was ordered to be said for a hundred years after for the repose of Ulryck's soul.

Baudouin took the "little horse" into his stables; but the exertions of the day had overpowered it, and the next day it was found dead.

CARITAS.

L. D. S.

If you wish to find a short and compendious method, which contains in itself all other means, and is most efficacious for overcoming every temptation and difficulty, and for acquiring perfection—it is the exercise of the presence of God.—*S. Basil.*

A. M. D. G.

STAR OF THE SEA.

Ave Mary! One evening in twilight's repose,
As sailed my light bark o'er the glittering wave,
A spirit, I thought, from the blue deep arose,
And its accents were breathed but to love and to save.
It spoke of a Mother in heaven most fair!
Ah! was't not my guardian was whisp'ring me there?

It bade me look up to the heaven above,
And fondly to gaze on a sentinel star,
That was smiling upon me with tenderest love—
An *angel* it seemed that was playing afar;
For its beams were as sweet as the roseate shower,
That falls on the leaves of a fast fading flower.

But the spirit again breathed its notes in my ear—
"Ah! 'tis not the brightness of angel's fair wings,
That reflects the sweet ray on your sorrowings here;
You see there who surpasseth the noblest of things:
Oh, know you not Mary, the star of the sea?
'Tis the mariner's hope that is beaming on thee!"

Oh, thrice holy Mary! forget the sad shame
Of a child who knew not a fond parent's sweet name.
I know thee, fair Virgin, in glory far higher
Than any who grace thy bright seraphim choir;
Thou art smiling on me from thy diamond throne,
And, *for ever*, dear Mary, mayst thou smile o'er thine own.

'Mid the storms of the world, when my vessel is tossed,
Oh, guard me from ill, or for ever I'm lost.
As the snowfall of years tells its warning of death,
Then twine me thy lilies in purity's wreath,
Which, decking my brow, when my spirit is flown,
May fit me to sing at the foot of thy throne!

SPES.

L. D. S.

ULTRA SENSITIVENESS OF THE DEAF.

If any small article, such as a thimble, a pencil, a penknife, or even a more minute object, falls from the table to the floor, I am often aware of it, even when other persons sitting at the same table have not been apprised of it by the ear. The greater the number of my points of contact with the floor, the stronger are the impressions I receive. Hence they are more vivid and distinct when I sit than when I stand; because, in the former case, not only my own two legs, but the four legs of the chair are concerned in conveying the percussion to my sensorium. And when the chair itself on which I am seated has been subject to the precussion, the sensation is such as baffles description. For instance: a few days since, when I was seated with the back of my chair facing the chiffonnier, the door of this receptacle was opened by some one, and swung back so as to touch my chair. The touch could not but have been slight, but to me the concussion was dreadful, and almost made me scream with the surprise and pain—the sensation being very similar to that which a heavy person feels on touching the ground, when he has jumped from a higher place than he ought. Even this concussion, to me so violent and distressing, had not been noticed by any one in the room but myself. Again, I am subject to a painful affliction from the same causes, during the hour in which my little ones are admitted to the run of my study. It often happens that the smallest of them, in making their way behind my chair, strike their heads against it; and the concussion is, to my sensation, so severe, that I invariably wheel hastily round in great trepidation expecting to see the little creature seriously injured by the blow; and am as often relieved and delighted to see it moving merrily on, as if nothing in the world had happened.—*The Lost Senses: Deafness.*

THE LIFE OF BROTHER MARTIN OF JESUS CRUCIFIED,

OF THE ORDER OF THE PASSIONISTS,

Who died in the year of our Lord 1823.

Continued from page 583.)

The church is a garden of odoriferous flowers, ubt among them is a great variety; and each religious order is as a hot-bed, designed by God for the nourishment of each particular species. Each order has something which distinguishes it from all the rest, and by which its sons produce for the church flowers of divers sorts. The distinctive mark of our poor congregation is the most holy passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, which it desires its children should carry engraven not less in their hearts than on their habits, and that they use every means in their power to imprint it also in the hearts of others—this, therefore, forms a true Passionist; and if one of ours had every other virtue but this, he would never be a true Passionist. It should seem that Brother Martin from his birth, or at least from his coming to the use of reason, began to lead the life of a Passionist, even before he was clothed in the habit. From his childhood he entertained a tender compassion for the suffering Jesus. He often meditated on the pains of our beloved Lord, and spent a long time in prayer before his image; he performed mortifications, especially on Fridays, as mentioned in the resolutions above recorded. He enrolled himself in a society at San Martino, in which the brethren honour the passion of Jesus Christ with a particular devotion. He was most assiduous in frequenting the oratory of the said company, so much so that a doctrinarian father in the funeral oration, which he pronounced in his praise, signified that perhaps Almighty God had called him to be a Passionist in recompense for his great devotion to the passion of Jesus Christ; that so he might dedicate himself entirely to the said passion, which he bore so deeply engraven in his heart.

On his entering his noviceship, he would be called "of Jesus crucified," as if to make known in future he was to have no other life, no other being, than that of Jesus Crucified. "Vivo ego jam non ego, vivit vero in me Christus"—I live now—not I, but Christ liveth in me. From that time he always desired, in imitation of his suffering Lord, to be attached to the cross of mortifications and sufferings. For this reason, refusing the delicious sweetness, which our Lord communicated profusely to him during the first years of his novitiate, he made choice of afflictions, and begged them of God very earnestly, who benignantly heard his prayer, making him afterwards pass through fire and water—the fire of scruples and the water of sickness; all which could never in the least cool the ardour of his charity, and desire of suffering.

In imitation of his Saviour, he never opened his mouth to complain of the sufferings he had to endure; but, resigned to all, he might say with justice, "Ita Pater quoniam sic fuit placitum antea."

He did all in his power to instil into the hearts of others a similar devotion to the most holy passion of Jesus Christ; for which, at each recreation, besides the usual sentence which is given out at the commencement, he introduced the custom of saying another on the passion of Jesus Christ; almost always pronouncing it himself in terms of tenderness and devotion, calculated to make the most lively impression on the hearts of his hearers, who knew that what he expressed relative to the passion of Jesus Christ was not so much learnt from books as imbibed from those sources of salvation springing from the words of Jesus. In meditating on the passion he did not content himself with the sole consideration of the exterior sufferings, but endeavoured to penetrate into the interior of the heart of Jesus—knowing Jesus to be that book which is written inside and out, but that without only the frontispiece is seen, whereas within are to be found the most sublime secrets of the immense charity of a God towards us. He sometimes used to say, "When I think of the passion of Jesus Christ, I rest upon the reflection of the love which Jesus has borne us; and there I entertain myself during the whole of my prayer."

Blessed is that man who by Jesus is invited to enter into the holes of the rock, and there to consider the affection of his divine heart! Blessed is he who understands how to profit by it! Blessed he who perseveres therein until death, as did precisely Brother Martin, dying with his eyes fixed on the crucifix, while his soul was invited to heaven to partake in the glory of Jesus, after being his companion in suffering.—"Si compatimur et conglorificabimur, si socii passionis estis eritis et consolationis."

That is a great sentence which the Holy Ghost pronounces in the Proverbs, "They who sincerely seek to please the Lord omit nothing." May God preserve you from a certain kind of slothful sanctity. St. Aloysius Gonzaga always considered as slothful that recollection which caused persons to forget their own duties. Charity is orderly; it is not possible that it should cause disorder in the soul into which it enters. The first thought of a soul that loves God is to please Him, not only in great but even in little things; particularly in those which occur every day, relating to each one's employment and obligation. This was precisely what charity effected in the soul of Martin; it rendered him exact in everything, equally diligent in the smallest as in the greatest things. We may make the same eulogium of him which St. Bernard made of his brother Gerard, "Non solus in maximis, sed etiam in minimis maximus erat." Not only in great, but also in small things was he great. This exactitude was observable in him during his secular life. When at the College of the Doctrinarian Fathers, he had the employment of renewing the flowers, he fulfilled the same with admirable punctuality; he was attentive in seeing that there should be nothing in the church which was not con-

formable to the divine worship, examining all, and remedying what he could. He had no eyes for observing what did not concern him, but was all attention and vigilance to the cleanliness and neatness of the house of God.

Whilst he had the office of sacristan of the church, he was continually seen looking into the corners and concealed parts, and removing everything improper, careful in keeping the sanctuary bells and lamps clean, dusting the wood-work and frames, and taking the stains out of the pictures, in which he was very ingenious. If he saw any stain of oil or any other thing on the wall, he would ask my leave to take a little chalk and clean it, removing the spots. He made flowers very well, and placed them on the great altar with so much taste as to cause both admiration and edification.

The Father Rector of this retreat, seeing him the most diligent of all, wished me to confide to him the care of the sacristy, which office he retained as long as he was able to fulfil it. Herein were wonderfully displayed his cleanliness and care in keeping everything in good order, repairing and arranging all, so that the sacred ornaments might wear out as little as possible, and for the preservation of decorum in the sacred functions. As soon as he perceived anything torn, he immediately applied his needle to it to remedy it. He was most exact in placing the register in the missal, and looking out the mass, preface, &c. whence it never happened that the priest at the altar had to seek it, which was frequently the case with the other sacristans, less attentive than he. He paid the greatest attention to the rubrics, as well for solemn masses as for the divine office; and at the recitation in the choir, he was always prompt in finding the lessons, versicles, and responses, although this did not belong to him; and when he saw one puzzled, not being able to find the versicle or response he had to give out, he immediately presented his breviary, indicating to him the proper one. These are, it is true, small things, but it is not a small matter to be faithful in little things. "Quod minimum est," says St. Austin, "quod minimum est minimum est, sed in minimo fidelis esse magnus est"—What is little, says St. Austin, is little, but to be faithful in little things is great.

Brother Martin's fidelity in small things had not only the exterior for objects, but embraced also the interior, as may clearly be seen by those who read his regulation referred to above, also by reading the whole of his life. He, moreover, made use of particular means for the acquisition of virtues, which are worthy of observation. He proposed to himself the acquisition of a virtue each week, for example, purity of intention, attention during the divine office, during prayer, speaking of God during recreation, and similar things, which he wrote down in a little book; and confiding in the aid of divine grace, he purposed to acquire one a week, or even a month, then passed on to another, and thus, in the space of one year, his soul was adorned with the choicest virtues, in which he continually made fresh progress, not leaving a single day *sine linea*. He also chose several patron saints, reciting each day a litany of their names, and begging of each one to obtain for him from God that particular grace in which they had been most remarkable. I think I shall give pleasure to the reader by mentioning these saints, together with the virtues which each one was to obtain for him. Thus it is in his own words:

LITANY OF MY HOLY PATRONS.

God the Father of Heaven	A lively faith.
God the Son Redeemer of the world	Firm and solid hope.
God the Holy Ghost	Ardent charity.
Holy Trinity one God	Paradise.
Holy Mary	Perseverance and the grace of God.
Saint Peter	Confidence in God.
Saint Paul	Correspondence with his inspirations.
Saint James	Love of suffering.
Saint Joseph	Happy death.
Saint Joachim	Devotion to the most B. V.
Saint Austin	Penance.
Saint Martin	Charity towards God and my neighbour.
Saint Thomas	True wisdom and assistance in study.
Saint Aloysius	Purity and prayer.
Saint F. Xavier	Zeal for the salvation of souls.
Saint John	Holy recollection.
Saint Matthias	Holy humility.
Saint Leo, Pope	Renunciation of self-will.
Saint Hugh	Holy poverty.
Saint Anne	Resignation to the will of God.
Saint Mary Magdalen	True and lasting repentance.
Saint Margaret	An entire conversion to God.
Venerable Father Paul	The true spirit of the congregation, and union with God.
All ye Saints of God	Intercede for us.

Every month he made choice of a holy protector, and endeavoured to imitate him in the practice of the virtue which he had particularly exercised. In fine, he omitted nothing that might preserve him from defects, and enrich him with virtues, well aware that he who fears the Lord neglects nothing.

The Apostle St. Paul, after having exhorted the Colossians to the exercise of many virtues, concluded by saying to them, "But above all have charity." Other virtues are good, but the best and most important is charity. If it were possible for any one to have every other virtue, and yet be without charity, they would avail him nothing, he would be lost. A man is just so great before God as he has charity. This virtue ought to be conspicuous in all who efficaciously desire to be saints; and in this precisely did Brother Martin excel. His charity towards God was exceedingly great. One proof is, that during his whole life, he always complied with what God required of him. Now Jesus himself says, "Qui habet mandata mea, et servat ea, ipse est qui diligit me."—He who has my commandments, and keeps them, he it is who loves me."

He was always most prompt in following the will of God, cost what it might — always kept himself closely attached to it—always loved it and conformed himself to it until death, as we see when he was advised to pray for his recovery, answering that it was better to do the will of God. "Oh, how happy," said he, (as I found among his writings), "oh, how happy the heart which seeks only God! loves only God, and is contented with God alone! Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas, præter amare Deum, et illi soli servire. (Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity, except loving God and serving him alone.) Love God! love God!"

He excited himself to love Almighty God, and seek him alone by the consideration that he belonged entirely to God. "Think," said he to himself, "that thou art of God, from God, in God, and for God; see then if thou dost only the will of God, and desirest nothing but God, and to please him alone—reflect that he who does the will of God is perfect." In his meditations he could scarcely think of anything else but the love which God bore us in suffering for us; here he stopped, ceasing to act with the understanding, but solely occupied in allowing his heart to give full vent to intense acts of love towards that God by whom he saw himself so much beloved.

The subject on which he reflected with the greatest facility, during almost all his spare time, was the excessive love testified by Jesus in the Eucharist; here he could go no further, seeing that a God had not been able to give any further demonstration of His love. He enjoyed entertaining himself in presence of his sacramental Jesus without any fixed discourse, but solely absorbed in the grandeur of the mystery of love therein contained. His heart being thus inflamed with love, it is not surprising he ran so diligently, strongly, and courageously in the exercise of virtues, especially in conformity to the divine will, knowing by experience that God wills nothing but our good and advantage. "Consider," said he to himself, "that thou canst not have greater happiness, than in abandoning thyself into the arms of the Lord, and saying to Him with thy whole heart, 'Lord, I leave myself in thy arms; I am all thine, may thy most holy will be done in me.'" The prayer he most frequently made to our Lord was this, "Give me thy love and thy grace; these are sufficient for me, I ask no more." And, in fact, what more can any one desire who possesses the love and grace of God? "Tell me," says St. Austin, "tell me what will suffice thee, if God does not suffice thee? He who possesses God has nothing more to desire, but nothing can satisfy him who is deprived of God."

So great was his love for God, and the hatred he bore to sin, the enemy of God, that he told me he would rather have less glory in heaven than permit the least offence in any one. This he said once in proposing to me the doubt if it were well to desire martyrdom, since they who put one to death offended God. "It would be a delightful thing," said he, "if one could be martyred without any one offending God." This shows how much our good brother loved God, and abhorred sin.

"Hoc præceptum habemus a Deo, ut qui diligit Deum, diligit et fratrem suum." We have this command from God, he who loves God loves also his brother. He tells a lie who says that he loves God while he does not love his brother, his neighbour. The love of God must necessarily be accompanied by that of our neighbour, which was fully verified in Brother Martin. Almost from his infancy, he was filled with an ardent charity towards his neighbour, aiding and assisting him to the best of his power; often depriving himself of his breakfast, or the luncheon his mother gave him, in favour of the poor of Jesus Christ. In spirituals he helped them by his good example, his modesty, and proper behaviour, also by the holy words he spoke to them, instructing them in the Christian doctrine as far as his state would allow, withdrawing them from the love of the world to enamour them with God, which happened to several, who by his means were withdrawn from the way of perdition, and placed in that of salvation. Become a religious, he continued with his holy method of life to occupy himself for the advantage of others as much as possible; helping his companions in their employments, especially on Saturdays, when he had finished his own duties, instead of retiring to his room to study, he went to help those poor brethren whom he saw most fatigued; and so great a tenderness had he for them, that though he wished to study, it would have been impossible for him to apply, thinking that some poor brother needed his assistance, not having yet finished the occupations assigned him. This reflection troubled him so much as to oblige him to go and offer his aid. This went on till I forbade him, in order not to encourage the laziness of some, who, expecting to be assisted, put off performing their little duties till late. He was, moreover, careful in foreseeing what was to be done, not only by him, but also by others, that they might escape reprehension. On feasts, for example, he would run to supply for others, either in serving masses or preparing requisites for the sacred functions, getting fire for the incense, and such like things; so much so, that I was once blamed for giving him more to do than the others, which was not the case, but it was true that he did not only what was assigned him, but likewise what belonged to others. Then he endeavoured to console those who appeared depressed, placing himself near them, and dexterously gaining their confidence, he removed their uneasiness by pious sentiments, adapted to the circumstance, and sometimes even by lively and amiable pleasantries. When the lay brothers, who were not among the professed, came to recreation, he immediately went up to them, calling them his dear brethren, and related some pious anecdote, which pleased them, and kept them in holy cheerfulness; so much so, that when Brother Martin left this retreat, these good brethren lamented the loss of their sweetest entertainment.

[*To be continued.*]

THE CHAPEL OF FARLEY CASTLE NEAR BATH.

WHERE is now the solemn gladness
Which this ancient chapel filled?
Where its spirit of sweet sadness
From the wounds of Christ distill'd?

"Days of darkness," they assure me,
"When the Mass was daily said,"
Boasted light must now inure me
To a void where prayer has fled.

See, my soul, another vision
Of thy faith to memory dear;
Churches have their dreams Elysian,
And I realize one here.

By the dewy breath of morning,
Freshened for the toils of day,
At the matin Bell's kind warning
Serf and Baron come to pray.

Scarce within thy portal entered,
And they bow their knee and head,
As if all their thoughts were centered
In the cross where Jesus bled.

Thus with hallowed water signing
Duly on the heart and face,
All for which their souls are pining,
Three in one, the cross and grace.

Here a pale and pensive maiden,
By the holy Father shriven,
Of the burdening world unladen
Seeks the lighter load of Heaven.

There a penitent confesses
Half his sorrows, all his sins,
While absolving grace caresses
Guides him, comforts, blesses, wins.

Here a weary palmer raises,
Heavenward eye, and staff, and hand;
Grateful thus to offer praises,
Having seen the holy land.

There a sandal'd friar craving
Grace from heaven's chastening rod,
Prostrate on the marble paving,
Communes with the throne of God.

There a bowman never vanquished,
Stained in many a sanguine feud,
By the fear of judgment anguished,
Prays to be himself subdued.

See that orient window painted
With Emanuel's natal story:
See these heads so meek, so sainted,
Circled with the martyr's glory.

Hark what dulcet music stealing
O'er the senses, through the heart,
Causing all devoutest feeling
From its tearful depths to start.

While the faithful priests reciting
Words intense of praise and prayer,
Every contrite heart inviting
In the sacrifice to share.

"Lord, accept this pure oblation,
Thou whose presence we adore,
Jesus, be our full salvation,
Altar, Victim, Priest, and more."

"Mother of thine own Creator,
Saints on each celestial plain,
Through our only Mediator,
Pray that we with you may reign."

Did I see them! Angels bending
O'er us with their starry eyes:
Sweetly with our voices blending
Strains that echoed through the skies.

Wave the golden censer, wave it:
Let the earth with spicy breath,
Back to him who died to save it,
Waft the fragrance of his death.

Oh what rapture, what communion,
What subdued seraphic mirth!
Sinners thus with God in union,
Is it paradise on earth?

Days of darkness! Idols stinted,
Legends, fables, witches, spells,
Fires by monkish fancy painted,
Abject fears, and dismal cells.

Be it so—I seek not error;
Mourn o'er every vice I must:
But I ask what "reign of terror,"
Stamped our altars into dust?

What is left for taper lighted—
Rood and chalice, cross and cope,
Worship if you will benighted—
Signs at least of faith and hope.

What is left? some arras tatter'd,
Shivered lance, and dented shield,
Glave and mail and corslet scatter'd
O'er religion's bloodless field.

But, midst all the armour broken,
That which least in witness errs,
Is that last and fatal token,
"Cromwell's very boots and spurs."

Clericus Anglicanus.

From the English Churchman.

HUMILITY is the foundation of all virtues: therefore in that soul in which it does not exist, there cannot be any virtue, excepting in mere appearance: in like manner, it is the most proper disposition for all heavenly gifts. In one word, it is so necessary for perfection, that amongst all the ways to arrive at it, the first is humility, the second is humility, the third is humility; and if a hundred times I was asked concerning this, so many times should I answer the same thing.—*S. Augustine.*

THE greatest security that we can have in this world of being in the grace of God, consists not so much in sensible feelings of his divine love, as in the pure and irrevocable abandonment of all that we are and have in his hands, and in a firm resolution never to consent to any sin, either great or small.—*S. Francis of Sales.*

REASONS

FOR NOT SUBSCRIBING TO THE

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL,

In a Letter to the Right Honourable Lord Lyttleton, Chairman of the Lay Committee of that Society,

BY

A Member of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. (Paris and Lyons.)

"Qui non Congregat mecum spargit."—*Matt.* xii. 30.

"We are obliged to yield many things to the Papists—that with them is the Word of God which we received from them; otherwise we should have known nothing at all about it."

Luther Comment. on St. John xvi.

My Lord,

I have lately received a circular signed by your Lordship, as Chairman, and by Lord Sandon and J. S. Pakington, Esq., Honorary Secretaries of a lay Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In a statement accompanying that note, I am informed that "the single object of that Society is to propagate throughout the British Empire the blessed truths of the Gospel, as held and taught by the Church of England." And I am invited in general terms to contribute according to my means towards the furtherance of that object. If I could be satisfied by the reasoning of your Lordship, or by that of any member of the Society, that in contributing to it I shall really be aiding in "the spread of the blessed truths of the Gospel," I should feel it not only a duty but a pleasure likewise to co-operate with it in so noble an enterprise.

Unfortunately, however, this I cannot do; for the rules of the Society require these gospel truths to be taught such as "they are held and taught by the Church of England." Under these circumstances, to contribute to your Society is to subscribe to the proposition that the Church of England does really teach and hold the blessed truths of the gospel. This, consistently with my views of the gospel, I cannot honestly undertake to do. I will, with your Lordship's permission, state briefly my reasons for so deciding. They are founded chiefly on the conclusions that necessarily flow from the principles professed by the Established Church. Understanding by the term "gospel," the whole of the good tidings of salvation preached to mankind, I assert that there is not only no evidence that the gospel is preached by the Church of England, but that there is sufficient grounds for apprehension (taking her own admitted principles as a rule) that under the name of gospel truths she in reality inculcates numerous dangerous and pernicious errors. A few facts will illustrate my argument. In the XIXth Article the church is declared to be a visible body; in the XXth it is declared to have authority in controversies of faith, though it *may not ordain anything that is contrary to God's written word*, neither *may it expound one place of scripture so that it be repugnant to another.* In the XXIst article the authority of general councils is declared to be only so far binding as it shall be proved to be agreeable to holy scripture; for general councils may err, and sometimes have erred—as in article XIX. we are informed that particular churches have erred, even in matters of faith—the Church of Rome among others.

If particular churches may err and have erred even in matters of faith, it follows that the Church of England may err, and perhaps does err in matters of faith. This being possible and even highly probable, there is at least some grounds for apprehending that much of what it defines to be truth as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, is in fact but error. The liability of the Church of England to err in teaching what is the true interpretation of the Scriptures, extends also to the decision pronounced by it as to what is and what is not Holy Scripture inspired of God. In Article VI. we are informed that in the name of Holy Scripture the Church of England understands those canonical books of the Old and New Testaments, of whose authority there was *never* any doubt in the Church. But history informs us that much doubt existed for many years as to what books were canonical, and that it was not till the end of the fourth century that the genuine canon was fixed; and then it was fixed by the third council of Carthage. But as we have seen in Article XXI. that general councils may err, we have no undoubted proof, according to the principles of the Church of England, that we really possess any canonical books at all; and we cannot prove the inspiration of Scripture by itself, according to Hooker, because Scripture cannot bear testimony to itself, which Chillingworth likewise admits. Again, the church of England excludes from the canon books included therein by another church, having, at least, equal pretensions with the Church of England to pronounce what books are canonical and what are not. This church—the Church of Rome—asserts herself to be infallible, i. e., incapable of erring, or leading into error in matters of faith. Whether she can prove her claim is nothing to the question; though, certainly, by reference to different portions of the New Testament, there is abundance of proof that *such* a church was really established by Christ, for he speaks of a visible church which he will build upon a rock, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail—to which he will send the Spirit of truth which shall guide it into *all truth*, and as an additional safeguard he promises to be with it himself for ever, even to the end of the world.

Now, admitting the divine inspiration of the books containing these promises, which the Church of England does, it follows that the claim of the Church of England to be considered the true Church cannot be maintained, because the Church of England admits herself to be a particular church, liable to error in teaching, as indeed she declares the Church of Rome to be; whilst we are assured by the promises of Christ to *his* church *that she cannot err*, having ever the Spirit of truth for her guide. Again, we are told by the divine book that the gates of hell shall never prevail against the Church of Christ. We have already seen that the Church of England has declared that the Church of Christ *has erred*, (as *every* particular church and *general* council may err,) we are

now to hear her solemnly declare that the gates of hell *have* prevailed against the Church of Christ. The XXXVth Article declares that "the Books of Homilies contain *a godly and wholesome doctrine*, and necessary for these times; and they are judged to be read by the ministers in churches diligently and distinctly, that they may be understanded of the people." Among the Books of Homilies is one marked No. 2 on the list, and entitled "Against Peril of Idolatry." On referring to part 3 of that Homily, I find it declared that "laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees of men, women, and children, of *whole christendom*, (and horrible and most dreadful things to think,) have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry; of all other vices most detested by God, and damnable to man; and that for the space of 800 years and more." You will observe, my lord, no exception is made; the whole Christian world, and of course the *whole Christian Church*, ("The Visible Church of Christ," Art. XIX.) for 800 years became the slave of Satan, was, in fact, prevailed against by the gates of hell, though it had been solemnly declared by her divine founder that they should *never* prevail against her! And this we are told is godly doctrine—necessary for these times! and we are called upon to contribute to the spread of such teaching as this by a church that holds out to us the Bible in one hand, and the Prayer Book and Homilies in the other! With the bane, it is true, she supplies the antidote—for the desolating proposition of the one is happily contradicted by the consoling assurances of the other. But the infallible word and the *fallible* church are at issue; and this being the case, may not I be excused for declining to contribute "to the propagation of the gospel as held and taught by the Church of England?" Indeed, I am at a loss to conceive how any one, with these facts before him, can remain a member of a church not only liable, by *her* own admission, to err, but guilty, by her own confession, of denying the solemn promises of him whom she claims for her founder. But for the salvo that a particular church may err, I see no alternative for such an one between repudiating the "godly and wholesome doctrine" of the homily, and proceeding logically from its admission to the brink of infidelity, whence those who approach so near it are in imminent danger of being precipitated into the gloomy gulf of despair, preparatory only to being hurled down into the still deeper one of eternal perdition!

My lord, I had intended to offer you other reasons for declining to give my support to your society; but, whilst the facts I have stated remain unanswered, I cannot but think it would be superfluous. If the key-stone of the arch be removed, the arch itself cannot long remain; the authority of the Church of England is the key-stone of its structure—that key-stone I have demolished. I have shown that not being infallible, she cannot be the church of Christ—not being the Church of Christ, she can possess no divine authority—and possessing no divine authority, she can have no claim upon me or any one else who believes in the truths of the gospel—not merely this or that particular truth, but *every revealed truth*; for it suffices that it has been revealed to make it necessary to be believed.

This is not the place to vindicate the claims of an existing church to be considered the only one true Catholic and Apostolic Church. As I believe in the existence of a God, I believe in the existence and indefectibility of such a church, for I have his unerring word to satisfy me thereof. Indeed, I rely for the truth of whatever he has revealed upon the authority of that church, and upon that alone do I found my belief in the Holy Scriptures; for I say with St. Augustine, "How do I know there is such a thing as revealed truth, but by the testimony of the one church." Therefore, if I had not *her* authority for the truth of the gospel, I would not believe the gospel; but, believing that the one bears testimony to the other, (*without contradiction*, as in the Church of England,) therefore I believe the testimony of both, and what they teach I revere, profess, cherish, and esteem before all things. I bow with respect to the church, because I know she was established by Christ; therefore she is true, and therefore incapable of erring, whatever those who go out from her profess to the contrary.

Oh, my lord, would that the members of your communion could know what they have lost by forsaking the centre of unity! but we know in part what they (many, at least) feel, by their regrets so forcibly expressed for the past, and by their sighs and hopes earnestly, I do believe, entertained for the future. May their vows be heard; and may what was once the fairest portion of the Lord's vineyard again recover its lost beauty. It has been sadly trampled under foot; the good seed has been choked by the tares, and it is not difficult to see that it is the enemy who has done this. But let us trust his dominion over the inheritance of Christ in this country is drawing to a close, and that the cause of truth will then prevail. Then your society will really be what it now professes to be; and with the possession of true knowledge (without which zeal, however fervent, if not really mischievous, must necessarily be fruitless in good works,) it will possess a claim upon every Catholic throughout the world, and will be joyfully acknowledged worthy to take the lead of all other societies, whose sole object it is to propagate the blessed truths of the gospel to mankind.

With the most ardent wishes for such a consummation,

I remain, my lord,
With the greatest respect,
Your lordship's obedient Servant,
A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY
FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH

Feast of St. Augustine, Apostle of England.

Gunpowder Sermon. — On the 5th of November the Rev. D. James preached a sermon at St. Simon's Church, Liverpool, on the Gunpowder Plot, in which he remarked that "Protestantism was full of light, and that children should be allowed to burn their bonfires, and the rockets, squibs [blue lights and Roman candles], should be let off on that day to commemorate the event from generation to generation. *The security as well as permanence of their religion depended upon such observances;* as the rising generation would by that means be secured from any contamination with Popery: and thus eventually the land would be blessed with the light of Protestantism, which was the light of pure religion."—*Liverpool Mail.*

DECEMBER.

Severe and rigorous as WINTER usually is, its various scenes, however, cannot fail to suggest many subjects of gratitude to the contemplative philosopher. Few minds are so devoid of sensibility, as not to experience the most grateful emotions, when the inexhaustible bounties of the Supreme Being bloom around in *spring*, in beautiful profusion; delight the eye in *summer* with maturing promise; and ripen in *autumn* into rich and exquisite perfection.

In general, even in minds not unsusceptible in other respects, we seldom find a disposition to grateful admiration, when they behold the ravages in the creation; the orchards stripped of their golden fruits; and harmony extinct in the groves, when

> No mark of vegetable life is seen,
> No bird to bird repeats his tuneful cai,
> Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
> Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.
>
> JOHN SCOTT.

But the benign Governor of the universe, who has subjected his creatures to the rigours of this season, has graciously enabled them to mitigate its severity by a variety of resources. The woods, which, in *spring*, crowned the hills with majestic verdure, now contribute to erect the comfortable mansion; or, added to what is extracted from the bowels of the earth, afford us the unspeakable blessing of fire. The flocks, which no longer gladden our plains, nor, to the poetic eye, revive Arcadian scenes, have given us their summer fleeces to protect us from the piercing cold; and the fruits with which *autumn* adorned our orchards, are now laid up, with its golden harvests, for our nourishment and support. In a word, the devout mind may have reason, even in winter, to exclaim with the Psalmist, *O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.*

Had it been given to us mortals to comprehend the connexion of every thing in nature, with what fervour of admiration should we adore the wisdom and goodness of the great CREATOR! But although we are incapable of forming an idea of the plan and extent of his wondrous works (those works which display infinity in the two extremes of magnitude and minuteness), we may yet perceive enough to convince us, that, with respect to the happiness of the whole, every thing in nature must be ultimately ordered for the best.

The felicities of the golden age are beautiful in poetic vision. A youthful fancy is delighted with fruits and blossoms blushing, 'in social sweetness, on the self-same bough.' It wanders, with ecstasy, through groves adorned with perennial verdure, while Favonian gales perfume the ever-smiling skies. But these are the enchanted reveries of fiction, not the sober representations of truth. The human mind, which seems ever anxious for new gratifications, would revolt at the idea of perpetual sameness and uniformity, even in the most beautiful scenes and the most exquisite enjoyments. One can have no idea of happiness, when it does not, in some degree, result from comparison: for not only variety contributes much to our sense of happiness, but not unfrequently a recollection of former calamities, or of some recent suffering. That degree of ease which we scarcely regard in the full enjoyment of health, is ecstasy itself, when pain has taught us how to prize the inestimable blessing. In the moral world, 'how sweet are the uses of adversity,' which best instruct us how to estimate and how to enjoy prosperity!

In like manner, the recollection of the frowning skies of *winter* will make us rejoice in the return of that *spring*, in whose flowery walks, if perpetual, we should have trod with languor and indifference. More cheerily will the heart then dance to the music of the groves, when it recollects how recently their tuneful haunts were dumb. Brighter, then, will be the verdant robes which the woods assume, contrasted with their late leafless and inhospitable appearance; and, as 'hope waits upon the flowery prime,' the fruits and flowers, when they bud, will delight the fancy, in sweet anticipation, with all the pride of *summer*, and all the riches of *autumn*. The rigours of departed winter will be forgotten in that all-enlivening renovation of Nature.

In fine, our hearts, then attuned to cheerfulness and gaiety, will confess this important truth, that, 'as Providence has made the human soul an active being, always impatient for novelty, and struggling for something yet unenjoyed with unwearied progression, the world seems to have been entirely adapted to this disposition of the mind; it is formed to raise expectation by constant vicissitudes, and to obviate satiety by perpetual change.

> THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER! these
> Are but the varied God. The rolling year
> Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing SPRING
> Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
> Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
> Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
> And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
> Then comes Thy glory in the SUMMER months,
> With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
> Shoots full perfection; thro' the swelling year;
> And oft' Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
> And oft' at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
> By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
> Thy bounty shines in AUTUMN unconfined,
> And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
> In WINTER awful thou! with clouds and storms
> Around Thee thrown! tempest o'er tempest rolled,
> Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
> Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world ADORE!

NASREDDIN-HOJA.

NASREDDIN-HOJA was remarkable in the East for his ready answers and his wits. Being favoured by all the grand people of the Ottoman empire, it caused the thieves to suspect him of having much wealth. In that expectation they thought of undertaking, some night, expeditions to his house; two successive ones were fruitless, and the second a loss to the robbers.

Here are the accounts rendered by the two bands employed in the business to their chief. These accounts have lately been made public after Nasreddin-Hoja's death.

We have been to his house, said one of the first band; it is an old, half-broken one, and we did not find there anything suitable to our purpose. At length, after long searching about, we found Nasreddin himself shut up in a closet. And we inquired what he meant by this. It is, said he, because I knew of your coming, and was ashamed not to have anything to offer you.

The chief of the second band spoke thus: We found nothing but the furniture in the house, and were carrying it away. As soon as the removal was finished, and we were going away with the last object, Nasreddin followed us; when arrived at our house, we were astonished to see him with us, saying that he was very glad indeed to exchange his old residence against our new one; he took possession of the house, and we, afraid of committing ourselves by a great noise, were quite unable to dislodge him, and forced to leave to him our residence, and take possession of his.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE, O conscience, dreaded judge of human actions! thou art hidden within the heart, but man tries in vain to conceal the effect of thy severe decree. Tradition has transmitted us a little story on the power of conscience, which will perhaps interest some readers.

A theft having been committed at a hamlet in some Eastern country, the governor of the place wanted to find out the author of the deed; and knowing well that he could not have come from a distance, he ordered that all the inhabitants should assemble in a neighbouring field on a fixed day and hour.

What he ordered was done, and they all met in the appointed place at the appointed time; the governor also came there; he stood before them, and after whispering a few words to his servants, he all at once addressed the people.

And he said: "I now see the robber, look at him; he has got a feather on his head;" the crowd loked about.

But the robber himself lifted his hand to his head to try if there was a feather.

Alas for him! that movement was sufficient to attract the soldiers' attention to him; methinks there is no need for saying that he was caught and punished.

A. B.

THE CABBAGE TREE.

This magnificent tree is the *Areca Oleracea* of Linnæus; class *Monœcia*, order *Monadelphia*. It is also known as *Palma Maxima* and *Palmeto Royal*, which name it has probably received from its great height and the beauty of its graceful waving foliage. It is found as well in the valleys as on the mountains of the West Indies. Its numerous dark-coloured roots have the appearance of so many round thongs; they are of great length, extending some yards into the ground where the nature of the soil is sufficiently sandy or porous to admit of their so doing. The trunk of the tree (which is usually about six or seven inches in diameter) is a little enlarged at the base, from thence it grows straight as an arrow, (particularly when of about thirty years' growth,) gradually tapering to a height, as has been stated, of 300 feet, but this is an exaggeration. Ligon mentions having seen these trees in Barbadoes as high as 200 feet. Bryan Edwards in Jamaica upwards of 150. Bayley in other islands from 70 to 120. Hughes considers the highest in Barbadoes, where they abound more than in the neighbouring islands, not to have exceeded 134 feet. The substance of the tree, for about two or three inches in depth, is of a dark colour, and extremely hard and solid; within this is a rather white pith intermingled with small veins of a more ligneous nature. The hue of the bark resembles that of the ash, and is faintly marked at the distance of every four or five inches by the *vestigia* of the branches that have fallen. The appearance of the bark continues the same till within about twenty or thirty feet of the summit of the tree, where it changes to a beautiful deep sea-green, which colour prevails to the top. About five feet above the commencement of this colour, numerous branches encircle the stem, the lowermost spreading horizontally with great regularity, while the superior branches incline wavingly downwards with all the graceful elegance of so many plumes of feathers. The branches, which attain when full grown a length of about fifteen feet, are closely set on the stem alternately rising one above another. Their broad curved sockets completely surround the body of the tree, which is again visible among the upper branches, and is there enveloped in an upright green conic spire, which beautifully terminates its majestic height. On the upper side the branches are slightly grooved and rounded beneath. An immense number of pinnated leaves proceed from the branches, some of which are three feet in length, and an inch and a half in breadth, gradually narrowing towards their points, and decreasing in length as they approach the extremities of the branches. The upper side of the leaf is smooth and shining—a strong and prominent rib in the middle of each affords it support on the lower side. It is part of the economy of this tree that the inferior or lower branch drops off monthly, bearing with it an exfoliated circular *lamina* of the green part of the stem; whenever this occurs, the green conic spire which arises from among the superior branches, partially bursts and sends forth a young branch, which remains the uppermost till the same process is again renewed, so that the spire, the common parent of all, thus continually supplies the loss of the lower branches, and the beauty of the tree remains undiminished. The green coloured part of the stem differs not only in hue but in substance from that of the other part, as it is formed of a several *laminæ* or separate layers of a tough bark of a like nature, about a quarter of an inch in thickness, which are arranged closely over each other. All the branches, as they successively grow to be old, are united by the broad socket of the footstalk to this outer *lamina* or layer; some time before the lower branch is quite withered the green circular layer, which before appeared a solid part of the tree, divides vertically, preparatory to its falling off with the branch to which it is strongly attached, leaving the next succeeding layer apparently a constituent part of the tree. The first, second, third, and sometimes the fourth of these *laminæ* are green on the exterior and white within. The remainder of them have the outer side of a bright lemon colour, and the interior white. The part called the cabbage consists of the inner snow-white flakes, which contain a considerable portion of oil; they have something the flavour of an almond, and are esteemed a sweet and agreeable esculent; they are eaten raw, fried or boiled, and when they have undergone the latter process, are not unlike cabbage.

It is a well-known fact that cutting the cabbage destroys the tree, which may be the growth of half a century. The cabbage is consequently a dish principally seen at entertainments, and two negroes are usually dispatched to the mountains where these trees abound to cut what are required. The blossom displays itself at that part of the stem of the tree where the two colours unite. On its first appearance it is husky *spatha*, growing to a length of about twenty inches, which is full of small white stringy filaments, with alternate protuberant knobs, not unlike a fringe of coarse white knotted thread; farinaceous yellow seed in embryo, resembling fine saw-dust, is abundantly dispersed among the filaments, which, after they are cleared of this dust, are converted into an excellent pickle. If the *spatha* is not cut young for this purpose, when ripe it bursts, and the filaments become ligneous with a bushy growth, consisting of many small leaves, which produce a considerable number of small oval thin-shelled nuts, about the size of unhusked coffee berries. The soft part of the leaves of this tree being removed, the inside texture is spun in the same manner as hemp or flax, and is used for cordage, fishing-nets, and things were strength is desirable. From the hard outside of the stem, laths for houses are cut, which are of great durability, and this wood is also applied to other useful purposes. Hughes ('Natural History of Barbadoes') states that when the trees are felled, or fall by the violence of the hurricanes, a species of grub breeds in the soft part of the trunk, which are about the size and length of the first joints of the thumb, and are eaten and esteemed a delicate morsel by the French of the neighbouring island.

MY HOME,

TO MY MOTHER.

My home! my home! my distant home
How oft I think on thee,
At shadowy eve, at cheerful morn,
'Mid'st toil or revelry.

I think beyond those rising hills
That bound the horizon blue,
Of that maternal cot whose hearth
Each social pleasure knew.

I think upon my mother's prayer;
I think upon her smiles;
Fancy recalls the soothing voice,
That all my care beguiles.

Anon, I hear the hollow blast
Of persecution's power,
That speaks the present misery,
The tyrant's boasted hour.

I see the secret falling tear,
I see the anxious brow
Of her who sits alone, and far
From all she loves below.

My mother, though the chastening hand,
Of him who rules the sky,
Suffer this scourge of earthly ills
To be our destiny;

Yet will He with a Father's love
The fainting spirits raise,
And on the wounded, sin-sick soul,
Pour his refreshing grace.

Perfect through sufferings was our Head,
Triumphant now He reigns,
And with a feeling of our woes,
The weakest saint sustains.

The God of Abram is still
The same unchanging Lord,
And to his faithful children proves,
A shield and great reward.

Flora Anne.

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